

The Musical World.

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VOL. 44—No. 27.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Madlle. TITIENS—Madame TREBELL-BETTINI—Signor STAGNO—Signor GASSIER—
Signor FOLL.

FIRST TIME THIS SEASON OF "SEMIRAMIDE."

THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 7th, will be performed ROSSINI'S Opera,
SEMIRAMIDE.

Assur, Signor Gassier; Orve, Signor Foll; Ireno, Signor Stagno; Arsace, Madame
Trebell-Bettini; and Semiramide by Madlle. Titien.

CONDUCTOR - - - SIGNOR ARDITI.

Last Week of the Subscription Season.

FIRST TIME THESE FIVE YEARS OF "ERNANI."

TUESDAY NEXT, July 10th, will be presented VERDI'S Opera,

ERNANI.

Ernani, Signor Tascas (his first appearance in that character); Carlo Quinto, Mr.
Santley; Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, Signor Gassier; Ricardo, Signor Capello;
Juana, Madame Tagliafico; and Elvira by Madlle. Titien.

To conclude with a Ballet Divertissement.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

SECOND TIME THIS SEASON OF "ROBERT LE DIABLE."

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 11th, will be repeated MEYERBEER'S Opera,

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

Scene Artist, Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin and Mr. William Telbin.
Isabella, Madlle. Lima de Murka; Alice, Madlle. Celestina Lavini (her second
appearance in England); Elena, Madlle. Pancaldi; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Ram-
baldo, Signor Stagno; Alberti, Signor Bossi; First Cavalier, Signor Capello; Second
Cavalier, Signor Casaboni; Third Cavalier, Signor Bertacchi; Bertramo, Herr
Rokitansky; and Roberto, Signor Tascas (his second appearance in that character).
Conductor—Signor ARDITI. The incidental Ballet will be supported by Madlles.
Pancaldi, Dian, Borelli, Rouquet, Marie, Rigi, Dallas, A. Rouquet, Rossi, and Brune,
and the Corps de Ballet.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING SATUR-
DAY, JULY 14.—GREAT ATTRACTIONS.**

MONDAY.—LAST DAY OF GREAT FETE OF ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

TUESDAY.—ETHARDO AND GREAT FOUNTAINS.

WEDNESDAY.—One more GREAT BALLAD CONCERT. Mr. SIMS REEVES and
Miss EDMONDS, Madame GRIS and Mr. WEISS, and Madame PAREPA,
Mr. LEVY, and Mr. SANTLEY. Palace illuminated until 10. One
Shilling only. Excursions.

THURSDAY.—ETHARDO.

FRIDAY.—Quiet day.

SATURDAY.—Opera Concert. The music of "Iphigenia in Tauris," with Madlle.
TITIENS, Mr. SANTLEY, Dr. GUNZ, &c.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Five Shillings; Guinea Season
Tickets free.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 11th.
—ONE MORE GREAT BALLAD CONCERT, and Illumination of Palace.
Nothing equal to it—and all for One Shilling.

MADAME LIEBHART will sing GUGLIELMO'S Popular
Song, "The lover and the bird," at Margate, July 14th.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER will sing GUGLIELMO'S
New Ballad, "Beneath the oak," (composed expressly for her) for the first
time, at Sussex Hall, on the 19th inst.

**MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN'S GRAND
ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.** St. James's Hall, Wednesday Evening, July
11th, Eight o'clock. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H.
Cummings, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Madlle. Mehlig and Mr. Franklin Taylor.
Principal Violin, Mr. Henry Biagrove. Conductor—MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Stalls,
10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. and 3s. L. COCK, ADISON and CO., 62 and 63, New
Bond Street; Principal Musicians and Libraries, and at ASTOR'S, 28, Piccadilly.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

LAST WEEK BUT THREE OF THE SEASON.

EXTRA NIGHT.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 7th, DONIZETTI'S Opera,

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Madlle. MARIA VILDA, Madlle. Biancolini; Signori Ronconi, Tagliafico,
Capponi, Polonini, and Mario.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.

ON MONDAY NEXT, July 9th, (in compliance with a very general request, and for
the last time this season) GORXOO'S Opera,

FAUST E MARGHERITA.

Madlle. PAULINE LUCCA, Madlle. Moreni; M. Faure, Signori Graziani,
Tagliafico, and Mario.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, July 10th, (for the last time this season) BELLINI'S Opera,

NORMA.

Madame MARIA VILDA, Madame L. Sherrington, Signori Attri and Naudin.

After which, the Last Act of VERDI'S Opera,

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,

Including the celebrated Scene of the Bal Masqué. Madlle. Fricci, Madlle. Sonieri,
Signori Fancelli, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Graziani.

EXTRA NIGHT.

PRODUCTION OF "CRISPINO E LA COMARE."

ON THURSDAY NEXT, July 12th, will be produced L. and F. RICCI'S Comie
Opera, entitled

CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

Annetta, Madlle. ADELINA PATTI; La Comare, Madlle. Vestri; Contino del
Fiore, Signor Fancelli; Fabrizio, Signor Capponi; Mirabolano, Signor Ciampi; Don
Asdrubale, Signor Fallar; Bortolo, Signor Rossi; and Crispino, Signor Ronconi.

EXTRA NIGHT.

ON FRIDAY Next, July 13, (for the last time this season) MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

Madlle. PAULINE LUCCA, Madame L. Sherrington, Madlle. Moreni, M. Faure,
Signori Tagliafico, Attri, Lucchesi, and Mario.

MISS STOCKER (Soprano), who made a most success-
ful debut at a concert given by Mr. Goldberg, of whom she is a pupil, can
accept engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c.—Address—Miss STOCKER, Messrs.
Schott and Co., 189, Regent Street.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing Ascher's Popular
Song, "Alice, where art thou," at Harrogate, July 20th.

MADLLE. LINAS MARTORELLI and **MADLLE.
CHRISTINO MARTORELLI** will sing Goldberg's Admired Duets, "Vieni
la barca è pronta," at the concert at His Grace the Duke of Wellington's, Knights-
bridge, July 11th.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal
Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road,
N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give
finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the
Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent
masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte,
Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirees, be sent to
his residence, No. 199, Euston Road, N.W.

WILLIE PAPE will be absent on a TOUR through France and Spain during the months of June and July. Communications will be forwarded by Messrs. KIRKMAN and SON.

MISS ANNA HILES, MR. GEORGE PERREN and **MR. WEISS** will sing Randegger's Popular Trio, "I Naviganti" (the Mariners), at Scarborough, July 21st.

MISS KATE GORDON will play Ascher's Popular Romance, "ALICE," at Mrs. Merest's Soirée, July 19th.

MADemoiselle LINAS MARTORELLI.—All communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS BERRY GREENING.

MISS BERRY GREENING requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

SPIERS AND POND'S HALL BY THE SEA, MARGATE.

Grand INAUGURAL CONCERT, Saturday, July 14. Madame Parepa, Miss Rose Hersee, and Mademoiselle Liebhart, Madame Salnton-Dobly; Mr. George Perren, Mr. W. H. Weiss, and Mr. Farquharson. Instrumentalists:—Miss Kathleen Ryan, Signor Piatti, and Miss Kate Gordon. Maestro at piano: Herr Meyer Lutz. The orchestra selected from the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Crystal Palace, and the Philharmonic and Musical Societies of London. Conductor: M. Julian. Admission: Reserved Front Chairs, 5s.; Central Seats, 2s. 6d.; Promenade, 1s. Doors open at Seven; commence at Eight.

Julian's Promenade Concerts and Balls d'Été will commence on Monday, July 16. Admission One Shilling. Manager, Mr. Edward Hingston.

NEW BALLADS.—"MY FAIRY." Words by E. FITZBALL, Esq.; Music by MARIA B. MEREST.

Dedicated (by permission) to the Princess Mary Adelaide. Suitable for all voices. Sung by Mrs. Merest at her last Concert, and enthusiastically encored. "FAREWELL, IT WAS ONLY A DREAM." Words by JOHN ROBERTSON, Esq.; Music by MARIA B. MEREST. Dedicated to the Duchess of Cambridge. Published by, and may be had of HAWES, 7, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, where Mrs. MEREST's terms for Pupils and Concert Engagements may be known.

MR. WRIGHTON'S NEW BALLADS—GRIEVE

NOT FOR ME and THEY TELL ME I AM QUITE FORGOT. Order of all Musicians. Also, by the same Composer, THY VOICE IS NEAR. Poetry by Mrs. ATYMER. Inscribed to Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland. 3s. each.

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BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. Translated from the collections of Dr. NOHL and Dr. VON KICHEL by Lady WALLACE. Of interest to all musicians this translation will undoubtedly be; in fact, it is a work that must find its place henceforth in the library of every well-read lover of the art.—"Musical Standard."

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SIMS REEVES.

THE MESSAGE, for the Pianoforte, 4s. **THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE**, for ditto, 3s. These popular songs, sung by SIMS REEVES, arranged as brilliant pianoforte pieces by the composer, BLUMENTHAL, are published by DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street.

EVER THINE.—Sung by Miss EMILY SOLDENE with brilliant success at the Crystal Palace Concerts, Signor Arditi's Concert, Mr. Aguilar's Matinée, and Mr. Wrighton's Concerts.

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NOTICE.—From and after Saturday, July 7th, the *Musical Standard* will be published weekly. The trade can be supplied in any quantities on Friday morning, at the office, 102, Fleet Street, E.C.

WORCESTER MUSIC HALL.—This building is now Re-opened, having been re-modelled and rendered thoroughly comfortable; it is well lighted and heated, and holds from 700 to 800 persons. It is available for public entertainments of every description upon reasonable terms. For particulars, address, Mr. SEARLE, the Music Hall, Worcester.

ADELINA PATTI. Fleur du Printemps (Fior di Primavera.) Valse pour Piano, par ADELINA PATTI. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ADELINA PATTI'S new Waltz for the Piano, "FLEUR DU PRINTEMPS," is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

ADELINA PATTI'S "FLEUR DU PRINTEMPS" Waltz for the Pianoforte, with a portrait of the Prince Imperial (to whom the Waltz is dedicated), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

THE REPROACH. ("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire.") Sung by Herr Reichardt and M. Jules Lefort with immense success. Composed by J. P. GOLDBERG. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

IN THE PRESS.

GUGLIELMO'S NEW BALLAD. "The Bereaved One," Composed expressly for, and sung with immense success, by Madlle. LIEBHART, will be ready in the course of next week. Price 4s.

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| "2. "HOPE" - - - - - | 2 0 |
| "3. "ENTREATY" - - - - - | 2 0 |
| "4. "THE BLIND HARPER" - - - - - | 2 6 |
| "5. "A SUMMER'S EVENING" - - - - - | 2 6 |
| "6. "ANXIETY" - - - - - | 3 0 |

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"SIX SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, for the pianoforte, by Mrs. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW. This is an ambitious title; but Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW has a good right to be ambitious—a right derived from her talents and position as an artist. She possesses not only taste, feeling, imagination, the inventive faculty, and the other gifts of nature which constitute genius, but that ripe scholarship which enables the artist to turn those gifts to the best account; while her reputation is founded on many admirable works in the highest branches of her art. The work before us is modelled upon the famous "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, resembling them both in form and in beauty. Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW'S "Songs without words" are not so difficult to execute as Mendelssohn's, and the melodies are more within the compass of the voice; while similar skill is shown in giving to a pianoforte piece the effect of a vocal air with an instrumental accompaniment. The composer has adopted the happy expedient of printing the vocal melody in larger notes than the accompaniment, and thus furnishing a useful guide to the young performer. These songs are worthy of companionship with those of Mendelssohn, and those who admire the one work will admire the other."—*Illustrated London News*.

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ALBERT DAWES' arrangement for the Pianoforte of this popular melody is published, Price 6s., by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

FELIX-MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.*

(Continued from page 391.)

The coffin, with its precious burden, was conveyed, the same night, by special train, to Berlin. On the arrival of the train, at midnight, in Köthen, it was received by a Vocal Association with a chorale. In Dessau, at half-past one in the morning, the venerable Nestor of music, Friedrich Schneider, stood, at the railway station, bareheaded and surrounded by a band of singers, who paid the last honours to the beloved master, by singing, accompanied by the bitter tears of the grey-haired composer, a strain written expressly for this hour of sorrow. When the coffin, decorated, as it was, with wreaths of flowers and waving palms, reached the Anhalt Railway Station, Berlin, it was placed upon the hearse that awaited it, while a body of choristers struck up the chorale: "Jesus, meine Zuversicht!" The same chorale was sung by the Cathedral choir, as the funeral procession, lighted up by the first rays of the rising sun, reached the churchyard outside the Halle Gate. The Rev. Herr Berdushek, a very intimate friend of the Mendelssohn family, pronounced an appropriate and touching discourse, which brought tears into the eyes of all present. After this, the members of the Singacademie and several vocalists connected with the stage, executed, under the direction of Rungenhagen, the strain: "Wie sie so sanft ruhn!" to which there responded, as if with Angels' voices, a sacred composition by Grell: "Christus ist die Auferstehung," sung by the Cathedral Choir. Mendelssohn's coffin was deposited by the side of his sister's in the family vault.—Within the memory of man, no other death had so excited the sympathy of the whole civilised world. The grief for Raphael, as recounted by Vasari, is the only thing of the kind to be compared with that felt on the present occasion. All over Germany, and in England as well, funeral solemnities were celebrated in honour of the Deceased. A most becoming instance of this occurred in Berlin, at one of the last Symphony Soirées, when the Funeral March from Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* was first performed, and then a "Kyrie" sung; next came the A minor Symphony, the overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Die Hebriden*, and lastly a Psalm, *a capella*, and the song: "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath," were sung. This suggestive performance was got up and arranged by Herr Taubert, the *Capellmeister*. Determined not to be behindhand in evincing its respect for the memory of the Deceased, the Singacademie gave a second performance of *Elijah*, the first, which (after those in Hamburg?) was also the first in Germany, having taken place on the day of Mendelssohn's death. The commemoration was exceedingly grand in Vienna. The first performance of *Elijah* there came off on the 15th November. Mendelssohn had been expected to attend. "The exceedingly numerous solo singers of both sexes were dressed all in black; the ladies of the chorus, in white, with a black satin bow at their left side. The desk, at which the Deceased was to have conducted his work, was hung with black crape. On it lay a roll of music and a fresh wreath of green laurels. Herr Schmidt conducted at a second desk. After the first few bars of the oratorio, Fräulein Weissbach advanced, and spoke a prologue full of deep meaning, written for the occasion by L. A. Frankl, editor of the *Sonntagsblätter*."—Similarly, the Sacred Harmonic Society gave another performance of *Elijah*, on the 17th November, in Exeter Hall. All present were dressed in black. The proceedings opened with the Dead March from Handel's *Saul*, the entire audience standing up. This society have resolved to erect in London a monument to Mendelssohn, to which the Queen and Prince Albert have already contributed fifty pounds. A similar solemnity, full of deep significance, was celebrated in Leipzig. On the day of Mendelssohn's decease, the concert was put off, because none of the musicians would play while the composer was struggling with death, and, even had they played, it would have been difficult to find a listener among the real lovers of music. The programme of the next concert, on Thursday, November 11th, was headed: "To the Memory of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, now gone to his Rest." The first part included the following compositions: Dr. Martin Luther's Prayer, "Verleih uns Frieden gnädiglich;" overture to *Melusine*; Eichendorff's

night-song: "Vergangen ist der lichte Tag;" Motet, *a capella*: "Herr, nun lässt du Deinen Diener in Frieden fahren" (written in Switzerland); and the overture to *St. Paul*. The second part consisted of Beethoven's *Eroica*. The whole life of the Deceased was admirably symbolised in the above. His pious tendencies Heavenward, his greatest earthly love, the deepest sorrow that affected his life, his submission to the will of God, after he had truly fulfilled his earthly mission, and the voice that called him to his resurrection. His love for the greatest master of his art, and the place beside him which henceforth belongs to his works upon earth and in our hearts were, also, symbolised. The song by Eichendorff was sung by the artist who was most cherished by Mendelssohn during his life, from the profoundest recesses of her heart, though with wonderful command over her feelings, and in the most finished and perfect manner. Mendelssohn's faithful friend, Schleinitz, who had not sung for a considerable time, and the two artists, Pögnér and Mad. Grabau-Bünau, who had been connected with Mendelssohn during the palmy days of the concerts, took part in the quartet of the Motet. The hall, hardly large enough to contain the numerous audience, resembled, at this moment, a house of mourning, the meeting of a large family, bewailing the death of one they held dear. Not a hand was raised to applaud; in reverential silence did the assembly listen to the hallowed strains. It seemed as though Mendelssohn's spirit permeated the lofty pile and sank deep into every heart.

In a similar manner, did the cities of Cologne, Bremen, Magdeburg, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Breslau, Altenburg, and many others, each according to its means, do honour to the memory of the beloved one they had lost. Even reigning sovereigns were not behind their peoples. Queen Victoria, the Kings of Prussia and of Saxony forwarded the mourning widow letters of condolence, filled with the deepest sympathy, and the most flattering recognition of her husband's merit. The letter from the King of Saxony was written by that sovereign himself.* As a matter of course, no obstacle was offered by any government to the public and solemn exhibitions of sorrow. The sole exception was the Electoral Prince, now the Elector, of Hesse, who refused his *Capellmeister*, Doctor Spobr, permission to get up a manifestation in honour of the departed friend and artist. Let the worthy musician console himself with the fact that the memory of the deceased master will for ever live in all German hearts, nay in the hearts of all, both on this side and the other of the ocean, who feel glowing love for what is beautiful and good.

That the memory of the Master will live is a fact rendered certain by his works. But in order to preserve the remembrance of him personally, both for ourselves and for Posterity, let me once more present to the mind's eye, as truly as I can, a picture of him, as he lived and breathed. Mendelssohn was almost under the middle size, somewhat careless, but still graceful, in his walk and bearing. His head was covered with lustrous black hair, slightly curled; his forehead was, of course, as the abode of so much thought, high and arched; the features of his face were strongly marked, but noble. The eye possessed an indescribably significant expression—hardly to be borne, when he was angry, or looked searchingly around him in surprise. When it wore a kindly glance, it was captivatingly beautiful. His nose was imposing, somewhat curved, in fact almost Roman; his mouth, firm and delicate, had when closed, something awe-inspiring about it, but could assume a pleasing smile. In his delicate, well-built frame, there dwelt not only an elevated mind, but also the best heart imaginable. Mendelssohn was (to mention the most significant trait in his character first) an Evangelical Christian in the fullest acceptance of the words. He knew and loved the Bible as very few know and love it at the present day; from this knowledge was derived the unshakeable faith, the fervent piety, without which it would have been impossible for him to produce the sacred compositions he did, filled with such feeling and so moving. But the other principle of a genuinely evangelical life, namely: love, was strong within him. God had richly blessed him with earthly goods, but Mendelssohn made the noblest use of them. He acknowledged the fact that to visit the widow and orphan in their sorrow was a pure act of religion; that to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked was the kind of fasting agreeable to God, and truly did he practice it. His thres-

* "A Memorial for His Friends." By W. A. LAMPADUS. Translated expressly for *The Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGEMAN. (Reproduction interdicted).

* The German musicians resident in Paris also sent Mendelssohn's widow an address of condolence.

hold was, as it were, besieged by the needy of all kinds; but his beneficence knew no bounds and the delicacy with which he distributed his gifts, indescribably enhanced their value, though the latter was often very considerable materially. Now that the charitable hand is cold, deeds are related of it which make us almost desire to kiss it even in the grave. To enter, however, into particulars on this point would, perhaps, hurt the feelings of the recipients as it certainly would have hurt those of the donor, who never allowed his right hand to know what his left hand did. But what, considering his prosperous circumstances, we must look on as especially deserving of praise is his love of work, his restless activity in his artistic mission. Many productions of the German Muse were the children of want, and, but for pressure from without, would, perhaps, never have seen the light; experience has shown that, in many cases, talent which has grown up in poverty, has become dull, nay, died off, as soon as the Goddess of Fortune has smiled upon it; but Mendelssohn, though brought up in Fortune's lap, never yielded to the pleasures of earthly possessions; he employed them only to pursue undisturbed the bent of his genius; he did not require to create in order that he might live, but he lived in order that he might create. It is true that this partiality for work was natural in him. To be idle was, in his case, an impossibility. For instance, even while the pupils of the Conservatory were endeavouring to solve the theoretical problems he had set them, he would at least be drawing something in pen and ink, and this was how he often produced his charming little landscapes which he collected and took home with him when he left. It did not matter where he was. When travelling, he would compose continually the instant he had a roof over his head, and had found some table or other, for the purpose, as he was wont to express it, of "writing notes." What, notwithstanding this perpetual industry, he was to his wife and children, must not, and need not, be stated more nearly. It is sufficient to describe him as a tender husband and a loving father. Anyone who did not know him intimately, and who perceived how cleverly and carefully he avoided coming in contact with strangers, and kept at a distance all disturbing influences, would not, perhaps, have thought that his heart was susceptible of, and easily accessible to, friendship, also. But the number, no small one, of persons with whom he corresponded on the most confidential terms, the frankness with which he expressed himself towards them; the deep interest he took in what concerned them; indeed, the footing of intimacy on which he stood with his friends in Düsseldorf, London, and Leipzig; and the rich store of correspondence which each of his friends has to show from him, prove the contrary. A man like him could not, of course, give himself up to every one, desirous of opening his heart to him. He was, in this respect similarly situated to Goethe—only incomparably more warm-hearted and communicative. One thing, however, was peculiar to him: an almost morbid dread of publicity about anything concerning himself personally. On principle, he hardly ever read what was written about him, and never wished that aught by him or on him—except where musical matters were concerned—should be printed. It was imperative to obey his will while living, but let us hope that even he would allow us to preserve a portrait of one so dear to us. Enthusiasm evinced in a coarse manner was repugnant to him; he had seen too much fictitious enthusiasm to believe easily in it when real. Delicate praise, however, pleased him. That he was sometimes irritable and yielded to temporary ill-humour no one intimately acquainted with him will attempt to deny; but a disposition so delicately strung might easily get out of tune, and a man who bore within his breast such a weight of thought had a right sometimes to give his feelings vent. As a consequence of his education and of the society by which he was surrounded from his youth upwards, his tone and manners were those of a polished gentleman. In large parties he was often reserved, especially when he did not consider it worth while to say what he thought; but, if he once broke silence, one striking remark would often follow the other in rapid succession, so that, seeing he spoke very quickly, it was not an easy task to follow the brilliant flashes of his intellect, which, thanks to his universal education, roamed with facility over most of the departments of human knowledge and of human art. In more intimate and friendly circles, where he felt at home, and had no reason to fear being misunderstood, he was not only merry but absolutely frolicsome. Frequently, also, he very gracefully enter-

tained larger circles with his art, a fact which the "Männerliedertafel," and a "Gesangskränzen," or Ladies' Vocal Club, the members of which belonged to the highest society, at Leipsic, will always remember with grateful satisfaction. At the "Kränzen," it was his charming four-part songs rehearsed before, and repeated while the members were at table, which afforded the purest and most elevated pleasure. At these rehearsals especially, he was indescribably amiable.

A peculiarly bright point in a sketch of his character is his behaviour towards other artists, especially those whose views differed materially from his own. That he comported himself affectionately towards artists like Moscheles, Rietz, and David, whose views harmonised with his, and who were, moreover, his personal friends, we do not look upon as any very great merit upon his part. If, however, we bear in mind the purity and genuineness of his own purpose, the sacred earnestness with which he regarded art, and his strictness towards himself, we could not reasonably be astonished had he been cold and reserved towards those who did not pursue the same path that he did. But such was very rarely the case. In pronouncing an opinion on the performances of fellow-artists, strangers to him, he was exceedingly guarded, though certainly the play of his features was sometimes a good barometer. The hosts of virtuosos whose whole merit consists in the agility of their fingers he tolerated with great patience; nay, if this agility was something very enormous he did not refuse to recognise it, though the ill-treatment of great masterpieces under the hands of such persons often doubtlessly wrung his very soul. But if real mind and good taste were combined with mechanical talent, he was the first to express, frankly and without envy, his admiration, and lend effective aid when the artist appeared in public. A few examples will prove this. In January, 1840, Franz Liszt first came to Leipsic, for the purpose of giving a concert. A portion of the public were set against him beforehand, by his business-agent, who gave somewhat too much prominence to the mercantile side of the affair, and made some unheard-of changes in the seats of the hall. When Liszt took his place at the piano, he was not only not received with applause, but there was actually some hissing. Liszt darted a lion's glance into the hall, and went on playing. At the conclusion of the piece, as well as at that of each following one, there was certainly tumultuous applause. But all this had occasioned a fatal estrangement between Liszt and the public. What did Mendelssohn do? He gave, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, a brilliant Soirée, to which he invited half the musical people in the town, and entertained them not only with the divine food of music, but with more material refreshment as well. It was a regular evening party, in the grandest style, he and his wife playing most gracefully and amiably the parts of host and hostess. The handsome lady, in a simple white robe, glided here and there among her guests like some beautiful being from Heaven. There was the best music, played with a degree of perfection such as Liszt, perhaps, had never heard before in his life; it consisted, at his request, of Schubert's C major Symphony, then quite new, the 42nd Psalm, and some pieces from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. At the conclusion, Mendelssohn played with Liszt and Hiller Bach's Triple Concerto. The public were completely reconciled to Liszt by the way in which Mendelssohn took him in hand and treated him. The party broke up in the most joyous mood. Liszt then played at a concert for the Orchestral Pension Fund, and a second concert of his own, which was excellently attended, amid uproarious applause.

(To be continued.)

HERR ENGEL'S THIRD HARMONIUM RECITAL took place on Wednesday morning at 63, Inverness Terrace. Several distinguished artists assisted, among whom were Mdlle. Liebhart—who introduced a new song by Mr. G. B. Allen, "The stream, the bird, and the breeze" (accompanied by the composer), with decided success; M. Jules Lefort—who sang Herr Goldberg's new song, "The Reproach" ("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire"), also accompanied by the composer, and was warmly applauded and encored; and M. Blumenthal—who played several of his popular pianoforte pieces. Herr Engel was unable to appear owing to severe indisposition. The room, nevertheless, was filled with rank and fashion.

MR. PATEY AND MADAME PATEY-WHYTOCK are engaged for Mr. Mellon's ensuing series of concerts at the Royal Italian Opera.

M. GOUNOD.

(A Dialogue.)

(Concluded from page 409.)

HERR VON APPEL.—There are, at any rate, some very pretty things in *Philemon et Baucis*.

MONSIEUR DE ST. POIRE.—For all that, it is one of the most weakly operas ever written by the author of *Faust*. The book, you may probably not be aware, bears the triumphant trade-mark of the house of Carré, Barbier, and Co. Now, do you know what the delicious little story, the fresh and unaffected bucolic, the amorous idyll, which we learned at school, has become in the hands of these gentlemen? Are you acquainted with the ridiculous modifications introduced by the infidels in the web of the intrigue so finely spun by the delicate fingers of the fabulist? Take it and read it; then tell me whether M. Gounod is the only person guilty of the massacre of a poor little *chef-d'œuvre*, which ought to have been left in peace, or, at least, which they ought only to have touched trembling with emotion. We no doubt find, here and there—in the confused mass of sonorous arabesque work with which M. Gounod has painfully embroidered the lame and halting verses of his colleagues—the charming qualities which have procured him an honourable place in the somewhat dull pleiad of our dramatic composers. But, if you take from this pastoral, which is diluted over-much, two or three delicately written pages, such as the instrumental prelude, a pleasing duet, and the chorus of female Bacchantes, nothing remains but an interminable series of languid pictures, separated by wretched recitatives, and distinguished by a monotonous style breathing a false and ridiculous sentimentality that cannot be described. Let M. Gounod mark well one fact: all the affected beauties in the world are not worth two bars of frank and simple inspiration—such, as for instance, *The Prayer in Moïse*; the ballad in *Zampa*, and the grand air in *Der Freischütz*, or even the “*Clair de la Lune*,” “*Il pleut, Bergère*,” and “*M. de la Palisse*.”

HERR VON APPEL.—Go on, go on. I want to hear what you have to say of *Faust*, the masterpiece of contemporary art!

MONSIEUR DE ST. POIRE.—*Faust* a masterpiece! A masterpiece, an eccentric opera in which the last two acts, noisy and empty, form so wretched a contrast to the grace and freshness of the rest of the work! Say, rather, if you like, that *Faust* is the musician's least disputable title to glory; say that certain pages in the second and the third act—the *Waltz*, the *Kermess*, and the *Garden Quartet*—reveal an ease, a flexibility of style in M. Gounod, to which he had previously scarcely accustomed us. We meet with instances of charming harmony, with gentle and languishing turns, and with an instrumentation revealing, by its subtle and complicated woof, in every bar, in every note, the hand of the learned contrapuntist—yet all this, I am perfectly aware, is redolent of study and of labour; all this bears rather too evident traces of the painful efforts the development of an idea costs the composer. In a word, we should like, in this music, more movement, light, and life.

HERR VON APPEL.—Don't tell me, young man! do you count for nothing, then, the opulent sobriety of a style always pure and correct; the instances of mysterious and veiled harmony which paint so charmingly the slightest gradations of passion; the delicate melodies whose sinuous contours carefully avoid paths ready laid out and beaten roads; the thick, tufted orchestration, certain episodes in which are a poem in themselves?—Do you recollect the *Vision* in the first act? The violins warble discreetly in the upper part of their scale, while the sonorous sweetness and tenderness of the horns, contrasting with the aerial traits of the harp, cast on the back-ground of the picture the most vapoury and agreeable tints—

MONSIEUR DE ST. POIRE.—It is, in truth, a charming orchestral effect, but nothing more nor less than an indirect act of homage to the author of the *Caid*. If you know the *Song d'une Nuit d'Été*, one of Ambroise Thomas's best scores—

HERR VON APPEL (following up his idea).—And the masterly style evident in every page! The lion's claw impressing an indelible seal upon the least thing! The noble desire, finally, that seems to animate the author to open up new paths, and to snatch dramatic music from out the deep rut in which prejudice, routine, and, above all, the mean-spirited complaisance of musicians for the public, cause it to languish and vegetate! Tell me whether you reckon all this for nothing, young man!

MONSIEUR DE ST. POIRE.—No one can applaud more than I do the courageous endeavours of the eminently distinguished musician of whom we are speaking. Unfortunately, we can say of M. Gounod what was said, some nine or ten years ago, by one of our greatest critical authorities of M. Berlioz: “The most striking trait in his character is the immense discrepancy between his wishes and his powers, between the boldness of the intention, and the mediocrity of the work, between the vast ambition of the mind, and the impotency of the effort it causes.” It

is thus that, in this very *Faust*, we must deplore the flaccid, disjointed style of the fourth and the fifth act, and, above all, the evident inability of the composer to render with the necessary vigour and passion such fine situations as the trio of the duel, the death of Valentine, the grand scene of the Church, the Walpurgis Night, &c. The rare and precious appreciation of what is needed on the stage, the feeling which enables a musician, identifying himself with his personages, to find on his palette a fitting tint for each, appears utterly wanting to the author of *Mireille*. This is the reason why, in the last two acts of *Faust*, notwithstanding that the poet has afforded his colleague some tolerably fine opportunities for exercising his dramatic capabilities, M. Gounod has unfortunately fallen short, or, at any rate, produced only thin and languishing recitatives. It is a strange thing, but the author of *Faust* appears to have discovered the secret of writing agreeable music without ideas. “The sauce is ready; there is nothing wanting but the fish,” as was said very comically, but also very unjustly, of *Nabuco*, by a compatriot of mine, M. Théodore Bellamy, an amiable conteur, and a passionate dilettante. Shall I tell all I think? This same *Faust*, an incomplete and incongruous work; a well-flavoured fruit, leaving behind it an indescribable after-taste of insipidity and bitterness; an unequal and halting conception, at one time appearing to soar directly up into the ethereal regions of genius, and, at another, closing its wings and falling flat to the ground—this same *Faust*, I say, strikes me as reflecting marvellously the good qualities and the defects of the period which beheld its birth. Our French society must experience singular pleasure in meeting again in this music the faithful and piquant image of its aspirations and shortcomings; of its progress and its retrogression; of its ephemeral fits of enthusiasm and of its poignant doubts; of its grandeur and its degradations; of—but these are very big words concerning small notes. Happily for you, my dear Sir, I perceive in time that, by the grace of Heaven and of M. Gounod, I was rushing head foremost into a homily. The fact is, the too serious author of *La Reine de Saba* has retained, from his first calling, an austere gravity, an imposing and solemn bearing, which, from his morals and character, has quietly filtered through into his music. The old seminarist peeps forth, in many and many a place, from beneath the mask of the composer. I do not, understand me clearly, mean to affirm, like Desbarrolles, that M. Gounod, had he wished it, would have become the Palestrina, the Marcello, of his day. It is certain, however, that, far from exciting in our breasts sportive and frolicsome ideas, his music generally occasions only pious and devout thoughts; presents to the mind only chaste and beautiful images; and, in a word, is quite capable, by its blessed influence, of guiding us gently back into the road to salvation, if, unfortunately, Master Satan, with his pomps and works, happens momentarily to entice us from it. It is the grace I desire for you, dear Sir, in exchange for the indulgent and patient resignation you display in listening to me. . . .

RAOUL ORDINAIRE.

NEW WORK ON MUSIC.—The literature of music in Germany has recently received some most valuable additions from the pen of Dr. D. Mettenleiter. His highly interesting and clever work, *The History of the Music of Ratisbone* (published by Bösenacker in Ratisbone) has not only created great sensation throughout Germany, but also in France and Belgium, and likewise in America. The best musical authorities everywhere expressed their thanks to the author for the great service he rendered to art and science by his valuable and interesting work. Dr. Mettenleiter's work treats of every branch of the history of music, comprising church music as well as opera, abounding in theoretical as also practical observations, and is particularly interesting on account of the valuable information it contains concerning the Gregorian Choral, of which it dispels much of the mystery in which it has hitherto been shrouded. Of great consequence to the science of music in many respects, it may be particularly noticed that the new work contains several *Codicils* from the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, which till now have never been published. I hear that Dr. Mettenleiter intends to write the musical history of all the important towns and districts in Bavaria, and we understand that the musical history of the Upper Palatinate is immediately to be printed. The same firm has also published, in an elegant and tasteful edition, *Philomèle, a Musical Album* for 1866, containing many valuable musical notices, historical and scientific contributions by Dr. Mettenleiter. Nor must we forget to mention the same author's work, entitled *Musica, an archive for the science, history, æsthetic and literature of Music*, as also his *Orlando di Lasso*, a valuable contribution to the history of music, and likewise the biography of his brother, John George Mettenleiter, conductor and composer at the old chapel in Ratisbone, which last-named works are published by Weger in Brixen.—H. F.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS

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Commencing at Three o'Clock precisely.

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Sonata in C minor, Op. 111.

At each performance two vocal pieces will be given. The Programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur.

Mr. HALLE will not play at any Morning Concert this season, except at the Eight Recitals here announced.

Prices of Admission: Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved, £2 2s., for the Series; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, £1 11s. 6d., for the Series; Single Tickets, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 21s.; Single Tickets, 3s. Subscriptions received at CHAPPELL and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; the Ticket Office of St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly; of Mr. CHARLES HALLE, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square; and of the Principal Music Publishers.

N.B.—On this occasion the entrance to all parts of the Hall will be by the *Piccadilly doors only*, and Subscribers are earnestly requested to be seated by three o'clock.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E.—The letter about Rossini's "*Stabat*" will appear next week.
ROSIN.—Fiddle is pyrrhic; so is "Rosin;" but as for Rossini (Heaven preserve him!), he (like Ap' Mutton) is amphibrach. Auber is iambic; Weber, trochee; Beethoven (like Benedict) is dactyl. Some will have it that Mozart is spondee—Mozart, some that he is iambic—Mozart; but we are of opinion that he is really a trochee—Mozart. Shoe is no foot; but *Doctor-Shoe* would be an amphimacer. Cuninghame Boosey, without the sey, would be a choriambus. Fiddle de dee is a genuine choriambus. Ryan (though pyrrhic) and Bridgeman (though trochee) are empiric.

A TITENITE.—We also are Titenites. Nevertheless, the name should be spelt Tietjens.

God.—Ma Gog! Siete un'asino.

RONCONIMANAC.—There was never but one "GREAT RONCONI"—GIORGIO RONCONI. He is veridically *maximum in parvulo*.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., at 5, Upper Wimpole Street, Mrs. CHARLOTTE DOLBY, aged seventy-four.

On the 2nd, at St. Cloud, near Paris, the wife of Signor TAMBURINI.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN VIENNA.

SUPPOSING that, at the date I am writing—namely, the 23rd June—it were possible for any one to be ignorant of the warlike state of affairs in Germany, that he did not read the papers nor frequent the beer-shops, he would not, from what meets his eye in the capital of the Hapsburgs, have the faintest suspicion that half-a-dozen German armies are now in the field, and about to engage in mortal combat with each other. In all public places of amusement are heard the sounds of music, not, it is true, the imposing strains of military bands, for these latter are more seriously employed, but those of civilian musicians, whose name here is legion. People eat and drink, laugh and joke, as usual. Even the tradesman, who has taken to look somewhat serious of late, and not without good cause, enjoys his beer as though Herr von Bismark had never existed, and breech-loading rifles never been introduced into the Prussian army. A striking proof of the apathy of the Viennese has just been furnished by Herr Theodor Flamm. This gentleman writes on matters connected with the lower classes, and has completed, ere this, in the short period of three days, several farces on subjects given him by the public. He conceived the idea—a rather hazardous one, by the way, at the present time—of constructing a summer theatre at Dornbach, a charming little place not far from Vienna. No sooner did he conceive the idea, moreover, than he proceeded to carry it into execution, and, to judge from appearances, his speculation bids fair to turn out a success. Last Sunday a very pretty little theatre was opened in the "Gartensalon," as it is styled, belonging to Herr Henke's establishment, the entertainment consisting of a *pièce de circonstance*, entitled *Ein neues Unternehmen in Dornbach*, written by Herr Flamm himself; the burlesque, *Eine ruhige Parthei*; and the farce, *Europa beim Friseur*. All the pieces were exceedingly well received, and the opening must be pronounced a hit. The most prominent members of the company are Herren Flamm, Schneider, and Mdle. Langhof, a very pleasing "chambermaid." At Treumann's Theatre, Szigligetti's *Czikos*, the well-known Hungarian national piece, has been produced to introduce, as the hero, Herr Czernits, who greatly distinguished himself both as a singer and as an actor. He was well supported by Herr Teweles and Mdle. Fiedler, but the house was only moderately attended. With the exception of almost daily performances of some or other of the numerous smaller vocal associations, the members of which confine themselves generally to the best known and most popular choruses, there is scarcely anything doing in the way of art.

MR. GOLDBERG, who had the honour of presenting a copy of his song, "*Appellez moi toujours ma sœur*," to the Empress of the French, has received a most flattering letter from Her Majesty, in which she thanks him for the grateful feeling which induced him to set those heart-spoken words of hers to music.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY AND M. SAINTON have left town for a short period.

HEER ENGEL, who has been confined to his apartments by severe indisposition, is now convalescent.

MDLLE. SAROLTA has been in London on her way to Paris. She has already set out for the "Capital of civilisation and the arts."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The revival of Mozart's delightful comic opera, *Il Seraglio*, has enriched Mr. Mapleson's already extended list of classical works by another masterpiece, with which every lover of good music who is not already familiar with it will be charmed to make acquaintance. The *Seraglio* was last heard in England in 1864, when Mr. Jarrett was manager of a double operatic company, German and English, at Drury Lane Theatre. It was then given in its original form, as *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and one feature of the performance—the Osmin of Herr Formes—can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. More than one Italian version having long been in existence, Signor Arditi could have met with no difficulty on that score; while the spoken dialogue has been judiciously cast into the form of “*parlante*” recitative. Some curtailments have been made and certain of the airs transposed. The wisdom of the first step is not in every instance apparent; against the last, considering the serious difference between the diapason of Mozart's time and that of our own (which, again, is materially higher in England than abroad), no objection can be raised.

The cast of the six characters who figure in the story considered by the ingenious musician good enough to inspire him, but which is about on a par with that of the *Italiana in Algeri*, more than thirty years later found acceptable by Mozart's successor on the operatic throne, is for the most part remarkably efficient. The ladies, Mdles. Titiens and Sinico (Costanza and Biondina), could not easily—the first not possibly—be better. Nor could a more sonorous deep bass than the voice of Herr Rokitsky be employed upon the music of Osmin, the gardener; nor an artist more thoroughly versed in the native traditions than Dr. Gunz undertake the part of Belmonte. Pedrillo, too, though compared with Belmonte subordinate, is in a musical sense by no means unimportant—witness his air in the second act, his deliciously quaint romance (“*In Mohrenland gefangen waren*”) in the third, his comic duet with Osmin, and his share of the concerted pieces; and in consigning the part to Signor Stagno a confidence was shown which it should be that gentleman's pride to justify. The really small part of Selim devolves upon Signor Foli, who is invariably careful and correct. The first performance took place on Saturday night, and was completely successful. The second, of which we shall be able to speak in detail, is announced for to-morrow.

Signor Tasca, who last season played Pollio at Covent-garden to the Norma of Madame Galetti, has played Pollio at Her Majesty's Theatre to the Norma of Mdle. Titiens, and been favourably received; while Mr. Hohler has made a decided step in the good opinion of connoisseurs by his performance of Elvino to the Amina of Mdle. de Murska.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

L'Etoile du Nord, which was received at the end of the season 1864 with all the splendour and completeness that signalized its production nine years earlier in the old theatre, seems now likely to keep a permanent place among the great operas of Meyerbeer in the Covent Garden repertory. Its interest as a drama, its magnificence as a spectacle, and the picturesque beauty and inexhaustible variety of its music—points upon which it would be superfluous to dwell upon—must always recommend it as one of the most attractive pieces. The difficulty is to find competent representatives of the two principal characters—Catharine and Peters. In 1855 these were really obtained in the late Mad. Bosio and Herr Formes. In 1864 M. Faure and Mad. Miolan Carvalho were the hero and heroine; in 1865 Signor Atti and Mad. Vandenhuevel Duprez. That M. Faure became the recognised Peters of the French Opéra Comique after the secession of M. Bataille (the original) is very generally known; and now that he is associated with such a Catharine as Mdle. Adelina Patti there is every chance that the *Etoile du Nord* will recover its old prestige. True we have no longer Lablache to give dramatic effect to the part of Corporal Gritzenko, which, for the sake of the Italian singer, Meyerbeer consented to endow with a musical importance not consistently its prerogative; but Signor Ciampi possesses both the voice and the practical skill to enable him, if not to compensate for the loss of his great predecessor, at least to execute correctly all that Meyerbeer has written. The other characters are sustained by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington (Prasovia), Signor Naudin (Danilowitz—a manifest improvement on the Danilowitz of last year), Signor Neri-Baraldi (Savoronsky—Catharine's brother), Mdles. Sonieri and Pustani (the vivandières), &c. The rest—orchestra, chorus, *mise en scène*, &c.—is as before.

That extremely clever singer and actress, Mdle. Desirée Artot, has returned, and with her *La Traviata*, of which pseudo-sentimental opera the public have really had more than enough. Happily, Mdle. Artot's talent is versatile no less than legitimate, and her repertory large. She will be thrice welcome in some other part than that of the physical moribund Violetta.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the “Morning Star.”)

The last concert of this season took place on Monday evening for the benefit of the director, Mr. Arthur S. Chappell, and was, according to custom, attended by an audience which crammed the hall almost beyond the limits of human endurance. The programme selected for the occasion was no exception to the rule which has always invested the final night of the season with peculiar interest; but was, on the contrary, so long, and so comprehensive in its character, that it must have been impossible for a single lover of good music in general to listen to the whole without hearing something which seemed to have been chosen with a knowledge of his particular tastes. The mighty Beethoven, without whose name either a first or last night's programme would be assuredly incomplete, was very properly made to lead off the proceedings by the performance of his string quartet in C major (Op. 18), No. 2, at once one of the most vigorous and beautiful of its composer's earlier works of this class; and genial Haydn, whose perennial freshness is alike welcome at the beginning or end of an entertainment, brought the season merrily to a close by means of his trio in G major (No. 5) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The quartet received admirably sympathetic treatment at the hands of Messrs. Wieniawski, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti; and the trio was equally performed by Messrs. Hallé, Wieniawski, and Piatti. Between these two works, which may be considered as constituting the ordinary framework of a Monday Popular Concert, were set a tempting array of such pet pieces as are kept to adorn the grand nights of the season, and foremost in order of attraction among these gems was Mozart's fine sonata in D major, for two pianofortes, performed by Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé. This exquisitely winning composition was first introduced at St. James's Hall by the two great artists who now played it, precisely six years ago, and was then so much admired that it is strange it should have been only brought forward twice again during that long interval. To hear two such pianists simultaneously employed upon such music is a treat which can hardly be repeated to satiety. The performance on Monday night was so deliciously perfect as to hold every hearer in delectable chains while it lasted, and we need hardly say that at its conclusion the entire audience conspired to pay a richly-deserved tribute of admiration to Madame Goddard and Mr. Hallé. Mendelssohn was of course not forgotten on so largely representative an occasion, but on the other hand was consistently honoured by the exposition, by Madame Goddard and Signor Piatti, of one of his less familiar duets, a theme in D major with variations, for pianoforte and violoncello, played of course to infinite perfection. The instrument soles were abundant and excellent. Mr. Hallé introduced two impromptus by Schubert C minor and E flat major with remarkable success, being peremptorily encored after the second piece, for which he substituted Chopin's *impromptu* in A flat. Signor Piatti delighted everybody by the often heard but always charming Bocherini sonata for violoncello in A major, of which his playing is something to be held in remembrance for ever; and M. Wieniawski gave Ernst's dreamy and beautiful “*Élégie*” for the violin, with extremely fine tone and expression, accompanied by that most reliable and considerate of accompanists, Mr. Benedict. He too being called to play again, gave a *presto* movement *prestissimo*. The vocalists were Mr. Santley and Miss Banks, Glinka's pretty lullaby, “*Sleep, thou infant angel*,” and Gounod's serenade, “*Quand tu chantes bercée*,” were the two pieces sung by the young lady named, and though neither had the charm of even comparative novelty, both were so well given as to be warmly received. The great baritone selected two oratorio songs, through which to exert his magnificent powers. One was Haydn's air from *Creation*, “*Now heaven in fullest glory shone*,” which Mr. Santley has made his own, and the other was Handel's very rarely heard recitative, “*Ma che insolita luce*,” and air “*Ovo dell' Erebo*,” from the Italian oratorios *La Resurrezione*, composed in 1708. The singing of both pieces was as fine a possible, and the audience would gladly have had the resuscitated Handel song repeated. The recalls and other manifestations of extraordinary pleasure which marked the course of these performances were too numerous to be here mentioned. It is sufficient to say that everything went off with more than satisfactory *éclat*, and that we believe that the announcement that the Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed early in November of this year will be received with universal gratification so far as the musical public of London is concerned.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The attractive programme of Wednesday drew thousands of visitors to the Crystal Palace, the grand feature being a popular concert of old English ballads—the second of its kind; the performance taking place on the great orchestra, and conveniently timed at half-past five o'clock, in order to admit of the attendance of persons whose business might render an earlier hour convenient. The appearance of Madame Grisi's name on the list, together with those of Madame Parepa, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss, and other well-known and popular vocalists, ensured a real treat to all who had an opportunity of enjoying it. Madame Parepa, who sang with charming effect "O, say not woman's heart is bought," was warmly encored, and in response sang "Comin' thro' the rye;" whilst Madame Grisi was unable to resist the enthusiastic demands for a repetition of her pieces on each occasion of her appearance; and the same compliment was paid to Mr. Santley. Mr. Hohler, Miss Poole, Miss Eyles, and Mr. Phasey, were the other performers, all of whom were loudly applauded. In the evening Mr. Coward performed a selection of old English melodies on the Handel Festival organ, and numbers lingered till a late hour to witness the brilliant appearance of the Palace when illuminated. Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edmonds and Mr. Sims Reeves were originally expected to take part in the concert, but were prevented by domestic affliction in their respective families. The attendance was as follows:—Admissions on payment, 7,146; ditto by season tickets, 3,833; total visitors, 10,979.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER requests us to state that there is no foundation whatever for the report that he has gone, or is about to go, to Italy.

THE HALL BY THE SEA, MARGATE.—(From our Sea-side Correspondent.)—The new hall erected by Messrs. Spiers and Pond near the Railway Station is almost completed, and all Margate—and Ramsgate, to boot, not forgetting Herne Bay, and other neighbouring localities—is on the *qui vive* for the opening night, Saturday, the 14th, when one of the best concerts ever given in the Isle of Thanet is promised. I have had a glimpse allowed me of the interior, and anything in the shape of decorations more novel and splendid I have not seen anywhere. I am told the fitting-up of the interior alone cost close on £3000. If all the artists whose names are announced appear at the first concert, and if M. Jullien bring with him as good a force of instrumentalists as it is confidently expected he will, the inauguration performance will be a tremendous success. At all events, the real subject that just now most prominently claims the attention of the Margate folk and its visitors is the Hall by the Sea and the Grand Concert on the 14th.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT took place on the 15th of last month at Her Majesty's Theatre, and should have been noticed in the same week, but that its very brilliancy seems to have dazzled our reporter and obfuscated his critical vision. How else to account for his neglect of so attractive a concert of the season we know not. Perhaps, espousing Dr. Silent in the grand tier, he took for granted that Dr. Silent would take pen in hand on such an occasion, and he retired in Dr. Silent's favour. Our sole comfort is, that Signor Ardit's concert could not have been damaged by our silence. It is, indeed, possible that our reporter would have noticed the concert, but that he was deterred by the length of the programme, which was as long as Leporello's catalogue. Nor have we time just now to do more than glance at the principal features. The band, chorus and principals of the theatre were all marshalled under Signor Ardit's baton. The novelty was the grand selection from *Tannhäuser*, the same which was arranged by Signor Ardit for his last winter concerts. A new valse entitled "L'Estasi," composed by Signor Ardit, was sung for the first time by Madlle. Sinico. It is a perfect gem, quite equal to the popular "Il Bacio." Madlle. Titins sang the grand scena from *Oberon*; Madlle. Ilma de Murska, Ardit's "Ilma Valse;" Miss Laura Harris, Ardit's scherzo "L'Orologio-tic-tic-tic;" Signor Mongini, the romance "Deserto in terra" from *Don Sebastiano*; Mr. Santley, Ardit's song "Life's Curfew Bell," &c. Madlle. Emilia Ardit, the clever young violinist who made so successful a debut last winter at the concerts of Signor Ardit, her brother, made her first appearance this season. The concert, which was divided into three parts, concluded with the last act of *Rigoletto*, sung by Signor Mongini (the Duke). Mr. Santley (*Rigoletto*), Madame Trbelli (*Maddalena*), and Madlle. Ilma de Murska (*Gilda*), a performance which would have justified Mr. Mapleson in producing the entire opera with the same distribution of the principal characters. The attendance was enormous, and the company as select as on a subscription night.

MISS ROSE HERSEE'S THIRD AND LAST MORNING CONCERT took place at Collard's Rooms on Wednesday. There was a very full and fashionable attendance. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. Fielding, made a commencement with the part-song of Müller, "Spring's delights," which was given to perfection. Miss Rose Hersee sang a ballad by Vincent Wallace, the variations to the "Carnival of Venice," by Mr. Benedict (who accompanied her), and a new song composed expressly for her by Mr. G. B. Allen, "The song of the river," in all of which she pleased infinitely by her charming voice and unpretending style, Mr. Allen's song being encored. Miss Rose Hersee, in conjunction with Signor Ferranti, also sang Donizetti's buffa duet, "Quanto amore," which, too, was loudly encored. Madlle. Liebhart introduced a second new song by Mr. G. B. Allen, "The stream and the bird," which she warbled with much sweetness, gaining universal applause. Mr. W. H. Cummings sang in his best style a song by M. Victor Massé; Madame Laura Baxter in Mercadante's "Se mi abbandoni," displayed her fine voice to great advantage; and Madlle. Linas Martorelle gave with captivating piquancy a Spanish song by Signor Traventi. Miss Kathleen Ryan—the youthful pianist, who a few weeks since made her debut at Madame Puzzi's *matinée* with such remarkable success—played Weber's "Invitation à la valse" with great brilliancy and no lack of style, and was most liberally applauded by the whole audience. Another young pianist, Madlle. Delphine Lebrun, made her first appearance, and obtained warm and richly-merited applause, in solos by Chopin and Heller. This young lady has unquestionable talent, and is evidently taught in a legitimate school. M. Heller's charming piece on Schubert's melody ("La Truite") could hardly have been better played. Signor Gustave Garcia in a new and very characteristic song, "The Hunter," by Herr Luders, created a good effect; as did also Madame Ada Winans in the celebrated willow-song from *Otello*, with harp *obligato*, played to perfection by Mr. F. Chatterton, who immediately after gave his new and elegant solo for the harp, "The nymph's revel," one of the most original and effective compositions written for the instrument. The concert concluded with the buffo trio, "Vadasi via di qua," made into a choral piece and sung by all the artists. Miss Rose Hersee has reason to be proud of the success of her concert this season. Messrs. Berger, Ganz, Lehmeier, and Benedict were the conductors. B. B.

HERR LEHMEYER'S ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE.—The popular conductor and pianist, Herr Lehmeier, gave his annual *matinée* on Wednesday, the 13th ult., at Messrs. Collard's Rooms, Grosvenor Street, which were crowded to overflow by his friends and pupils. A most attractive programme was provided. The concert opened with Herr Rubinstein's trio in G minor, the pianoforte part played most efficiently by the *beneficiaire*, who also displayed his classical feeling in Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 29. In addition, Herr Lehmeier performed Schumann's "Arabesque," and Herr Jaell's "La Carilla"—the composer of the latter being present to hear his popular romance played with infinite spirit and *aplomb*—and finished the concert with M. Gottschalk's solo, "La Bambula." M. Paque played his violoncello solo on Irish melodies in his most artful manner. Madlle. Liebhart was encored in "The lover and the bird," and gave also a song by Vincent Wallace, and Guglielmo's new song, "Meet me early in the morning," all of which pleased immensely. Miss Rose Hersee, in the air, "Se crudela il cor," from *Betty*, and in Herr Luders' new ballad, highly distinguished herself, and was encored in the latter. Miss Hersee also sang, with M. de Fontainier, Donizetti's "Signorina in tante pette," and was loudly applauded. Mr. George Perren, in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou," received an unqualified encore. Madame Weiss sang Signor Marras' melody, "Se lo fossi un Angelo," and was significantly applauded—as who should say, "Why so popular a songstress so long away from the public?"—whilst the two Gallic tenors, MM. Mottés and Lefort, gave two Gallic songs in first-rate Gallic style. Mr. William Ganz and Mr. Emile Berger were the accompanists. B. B.

THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.—The following letter has been addressed to Mr. J. J. Gaskin of Dublin (enclosing a cheque for £20) from General Grey by command of Her Majesty:—

"Cliveden, Maidenhead.

"Lieutenant General Grey has received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to thank Mr. Gaskin for the volume, 'The Life, Writing, and Speeches of the late Earl of Carlisle,' which he forwarded on the 27th ult.

"4th June, 1866."

—*Irish Times*.

GENEVA.—A new organ, by Merklin, Schütze and Co., has just been erected in St. Peter's Cathedral. It was to be solemnly inaugurated on the 27th ult. and following days. Several celebrated organists and musicians received invitations from the Consistory to be present, and make known their opinions of the instrument. Among the notabilities thus invited was Professor Bischoff, of our esteemed contemporary, the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

L'ÉTOILE DU NORD.

SIR.—The Royal Italian Opera owes a great deal to Meyerbeer, and Meyerbeer owes something to the Royal Italian Opera. From *Robert le Diable* to *L'Africaine*, every work produced by Meyerbeer since the commencement of his Parisian career has been reproduced at the Royal Italian Opera; and the Royal Italian Opera is the only theatre in Europe at which everything has been brought out that Meyerbeer has written since the *Robert le Diable* epoch; that is to say, the four grand operas given to the Académie, and the two comic operas composed for the Opéra Comique. It is strange what different degrees of popularity have been attained by these works in England and in France. In England the most attractive of Meyerbeer's works is *Les Huguenots*. In France no work of Meyerbeer's has been played so often as *Robert le Diable*, which in England is but rarely heard. The success of *Dinorah* has been much greater in England than in France, and though *L'Etoile du Nord* has not excited any very great enthusiasm in either country, it has made a certain impression in England, owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to the magnificent style in which it is performed at the Royal Italian Opera. *L'Etoile du Nord* was, it will be remembered, from a so-called "comic" opera turned into a "grand" opera by Meyerbeer himself; that is to say, the spoken dialogue was put into music; and in the third act a new air was introduced—partly, it may be supposed, to give increased importance to the character of the tenor, Danilo-witz, and partly to counteract the otherwise too great preponderance of the added recitative. A portion of the added recitative is now omitted and, as it seems to me, with advantage both in a musical and in a dramatic point of view. It is better to leave some little to the imagination of the audience than to weary it by furnishing it (for example) with full particulars as to the journey of George and Prascovia from Vyborg to St. Petersburg, the manner in which that journey was effected, the number of flowers gathered by Prascovia on the way, the effect on both of the singing of birds, &c. These details might be interesting in the early part of the evening, but at half past eleven o'clock they can well be spared. The opera, as now played, occupies four hours all but a few minutes; not long enough to tire the devoted admirers of Meyerbeer's music, but quite long enough to satisfy the musical appetite of the ordinary amateur. The three acts of *L'Etoile du Nord* last as long as the five acts of *L'Africaine*—as *L'Africaine* is represented at the Royal Italian Opera. Fortunately, the last scene of all is one of the most interesting in the whole work; and it affords Mdle. Adelina Patti, to whom the part of Caterina, the heroine, is now assigned, an admirable opportunity for the display of her great dramatic genius.

Was Peter the Great, or Catherine, his wife, the "Northern Star" in the eyes of M. Scribe? This astronomical secret has never been divulged. In the meanwhile, the star of Meyerbeer's opera, as it is at present represented in Mr. Gye's Anglo-Italian version, is unquestionably Mdle. Adelina Patti. Mdle. Patti delivers the quaint couplets in which Caterina announces the fortunate result of her mission on behalf of her brother to the father of Prascovia, her brother's intended wife, in the liveliest style, and imitates the gestures and tone of the old man with more humour than the representatives of Caterina have hitherto been in the habit of showing. Nor can anything be more spirited than her singing of the gipsy rondo—a charming and very original air—with which the broken, uncouth phrases uttered by the wild barbarians, whom the librettist calls at random "Calmucks" and "Cossacks," contrast in the most effective manner. If it bears no resemblance whatever to the popular (we cannot call them "national" airs) sung and played by the gipsies of Russia, Spain, and Hungary, perhaps in the 18th century there were gipsies in Finland who sang that sort of music; and it is at all events very excellent music, whether truly characteristic or not. But it is in the final air of Act I.—the beautiful prayer, with the light, joyous, barcarolle that follows it—that Mdle. Patti's lovely voice is heard to the greatest advantage, her expressive singing in the first movement and her brilliant vocalisation in the second being equally admirable. However, *L'Etoile du Nord* is the opera of all others in which it is useless to specify how this or that particular piece is sung. On the occasion of its reproduction the other night the audience applauded the principal singers at the end of each act, and seemed generally delighted with the performance; but there were no

encores, nor does the opera greatly depend upon the effect of individual pieces, and least of all upon that of solos. On this head it will be enough to say that Mdle. Adelina Patti sings all her music to perfection, and that her performance in the scene where the demented Caterina recovers her reason is worthy of the great actress Mdle. Patti has so often shown herself to be.

M. Faure finds music more suited to his voice and style in the part of Peter—as in that of Hôel in *Dinorah*, and that of Nelusko in *L'Africaine*—than in most Italian parts assigned to him. On the whole, from a vocal as well as from a picturesque and dramatic point of view, M. Faure's performance is entitled to high praise, and I may safely say that no better representative of the character of the hero could be found. As Peter sober he is interesting, as Peter intoxicated impressive, and as Peter suffering from the after-effects of intoxication, and the actual influence of love, touching and almost pathetic. It was a hazardous thing, when one thinks of it, to make the hero of this opera, not a tenor conspicuous for virtue and refinement, as operatic tenors generally are, but a drunkard with a bass voice. The composer, however, by the music to which he has allied it, has given dignity to Peter's inebriety, and may almost be said to have discovered the poetry of what the modern English call "tightness," which, when introduced into art at all, is generally turned to comic account. The intoxication of Peter the Great, like that of Alexander the Great, was of heroic proportions; and we cannot contemplate it without recalling Dr. Johnson's remark as to brandy being the appropriate stimulant for heroes. Indeed, whatever sort of Macedonian spirit Alexander may have been addicted to, it is known that Peter's favourite liquor was the vodka of his native land: or, as the English translator, of the Italian version of the French libretto chooses to call it "schnick."

The tenors in *L'Etoile du Nord* are very unimportant personages, but Signor Naudin sings the air written by Meyerbeer for Gardoni, when the work was first brought out at the Royal Italian Opera, with much expression, and Signor Neri-Baraldi does what he can with the part of Giorgio (which is nothing.) Madame Lemmens-Sherrington is a lively and intelligent Prascovia; and Signor Ciampi gives an appropriately grotesque physiognomy to Gritzenko—that impossible character, who seems to represent all parts of Russia and all sorts of regiments in the Russians army, and who is, turn by turn, a Calmuck, a Cossack, and an infantry soldier of the Imperial Guard. But, whatever he would be in real life, Gritzenko is a consistent character enough at the Royal Italian Opera. He is a gruff, good-natured sort of creature, and when we see him guided and directed by the gentle Caterina we are reminded of Una and her attendant Lion.

The part of General Tchereemetieff (more correctly Sheremetieff) is taken by Signor Polonini, that of Colonel Yermoloff by Signor Tagliacico; and the duet of the *vivandières*—the most affecting piece in the opera as it was played at Paris, but which has never produced much affect here—was sung by Mesdmes. Sonieri and Lustani. The orchestra, to which, in this, as in all Meyerbeer's operas, so much important work is allotted, cannot be too highly praised; and the *mise en scène* is as perfect as ever.

PMGIT, M. P.

D. Peters, Esq.

[When did Mr. Shaver Silver become an M. P.? And for what close borough does he stand? "The poetry of 'tightness'" is good. For "Schnick," Signor Maggioni is responsible. He intended, probably, "schnapps." Moreover, Mr. Silver has not read the book of the *Etoile*, or he would hardly ask whether Peter or Catherine was the "Star from the North." Moreover, Mr. Silver is the first critic who has ever been affected by the duet of the *Vivandières*. He is (to conclude) obliged to coin a new verb ("affect") to suit his adjective—"Pmgit" va!—A. SILENT.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—Some time ago you published a letter "On the Sound Effect of Large Choirs." It was therein shown, by reasoning from the analogous phenomena of light and heat, that in large musical assemblies little is gained by increasing the number of the choir beyond a certain point. The Crystal Palace, with its colossal festivals, was cited. But look at our larger places of

worship. The Metropolitan Tabernacle is a case in point. Here one can see nearly every unit of the 6,000 who fill this place engaged in the service of song. Impressive as is the sight, yet astonishment at the feebleness of their united effect is invariably expressed, a few voices just around being chiefly heard. I imagine the question is narrowed to two propositions:—When the maximum vocal effect is to be obtained within a building, the highest effective number of the choir is soon reached, and the sooner the more limited the building. Intensity, and not the quantity of the sound, must be augmented. That, I hold to be Proposition No. 1. When, however, the choir sing in the open air, with the audience extending to a great distance, then, by increasing the number of the singers, one can enable those distant to hear as well as those near; for as the source of sound approximates to a plane of indefinite extent, it will correspondingly vitiate the law of inverse squares as applied to the propagation of this force. That I entertain to be Proposition No. 2, and am, Sir, yours truly,

SIMON HALF.

New Moon St.—July 2.

[Mr. Half, in dividing his argument into halves, only states half his case at a time, whereby the whole truth is not apprehended. Let him, with a logical needle and thread, sew the two halves together again and apply to Mr. D. Peters, at Worthing.—*ABR. SILENT.*]

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—I have been of late not merely *oisif* and *insouciant*, but *pareseux*. Nevertheless, *Donne* said:—

"Winter days bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night," &c.

—and as we are in midsummer, you will not merely excuse, but catch my meaning.

The constant increase in the number of musical performances given in London during the season is most remarkable. In the old days of Mr. Lumley, before the foundation of a second Italian Opera, Tuesday and Saturday were the only regular opera nights, and it was quite by exception, and as something special and extraordinary, that a representation took place on a Thursday. After the establishment, however, of the Royal Italian Opera, it soon became the rule at both houses to give three performances a week. During the last few years, first Monday, and then both Monday and Friday, have been made "extra nights," and during the height of the musical season, Wednesday is, generally speaking, the only non-operatic night of the week. Wednesday enjoys no absolute exemption in this respect—next Wednesday, for instance, is fixed for the production of *Don Giovanni* at Her Majesty's Theatre—but it is always a free night at the Royal Italian Opera, and is considered a better night for concert-giving than either Monday or Friday. On six Monday evenings during the season nearly the whole of Signor Ardit's band is precluded from appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre by a previous engagement with Professor Sterndale Bennett, at the Hanover Square Rooms; and these Philharmonic weeks, by way of compensation for the lost Monday's performance, an extra performance is given on the Wednesday.

Thus the opera, to which no other description of musical performance can be compared in point of general attractiveness, has gradually invaded, if it has not yet definitely taken possession of, every day in the week. The unfortunate concert-givers have not one day that they can really call their own. Formerly the Philharmonic Society, at least, was safe; so also was the Sacred Harmonic, for how was it possible that the Opera should be open on a Monday or a Friday? But last Friday, when the Sacred Harmonic Society gave its last performance for the season (which, it will be remembered, is a winter and spring season only), there was also a performance of a most interesting character at the Royal Italian Opera—*Don Giovanni* being given with a cast in some respects new and in all admirable, and with *Mdlle. Adolina Patti* in the part of *Zerlina*. It would have been distracting, too, for the subscribers to the Philharmonic if the sixth concert of that society, instead of taking place to-night, had been fixed for last Monday, when *Mdlle. Adolina Patti* made her first appearance this season in the character of *Amina*. As it is, to-night, if not alto-

gether a free operatic night (for *Faust* is to be repeated this evening at the Royal Italian Opera), is at least free from special attractions in the form of operatic novelties. Considering this fact, it is astonishing that only four concerts of any importance are to be given to-day. But so it is. At two o'clock *Madame Puzzi* gives her annual concert at the Hanover Square Rooms; at three, *Miss Amy Coyne*, a young pianist of great reputation in private circles, holds her first *matinée* at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street; at eight, Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit-concert begins at St. James's Hall; and at the same hour the sixth Philharmonic concert commences at the Hanover Square Rooms.

A determined amateur then, resolved to enjoy as many "half hours with the best musicians" as possible, might give himself at least eight hours' gratification to-day, and of a highly varied kind. Three half hours with *Madame Puzzi* would take him until half-past three; three half hours with *Miss Amy Coyne*, until five. After a hurried dinner he might contrive to reach St. James's Hall in time for the opening of Mr. Sims Reeves's concert, which he could leave after the first part in order to hear the second part of the concert of the Philharmonic Society. The Philharmonic is generally over by a little after eleven, and the determined amateur might finish the evening at the Royal Italian Opera, which he could reach in plenty of time for the last act of *Faust* & *Margherita*. Probably the musical glutton does not exist who could swallow the amount of sweet sound here set before him. But that he could get through it without securing for himself a severe fit of indigestion is not to be imagined for a moment. On going to bed he would probably be troubled with a dream, in which Mr. Costa would appear conducting *Miss Amy Coyne* to the piano, while Professor Sterndale Bennett would direct the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera during the last act of *Faust*—the part of *Faust* being assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves, whose singing would somehow or other be the chief attraction at *Madame Puzzi's* concert.

The benefit-concerts are now so numerous that to attend any large proportion of them is out of the question. The great subscription concerts, organised by associations and supported by orchestras, are not only, as a rule, much more worthy of notice, but are also much more noticeable, from the simple fact that fewer of them take place. For entertainments, moreover, of this kind, there are fixed days, which no one in the habit of attending them is likely to forget. Each Philharmonic concert is an immovable feast, in so far that it must take place on a Monday. Friday is the Sacred Harmonic day; while the desirable Wednesday has been seized upon by two societies—the New Philharmonic and the National Choral.

SHAVER SILVER.

[Does "the old days of Mr. Lumley" signify the days of Mr. Lumley's senescence? Because Mr. Lumley is not yet senescent as the rhyme shows. Moreover, this letter has been a good month on its way.

A. SILENT.]

JOTTINGS.

SIR,—Accept these jottings:—

Peculiarity of *Medea*: interest always progressing; climax, real climax; last scene grandest.

Overture: first subject paints the fury, second subject the tenderness of *Medea*.

Jason, weak; Dirce, weaker. Creon, strong; *Medea*, stronger. Why? (*est demonstrandum*).

Character of *Medea* (musically) sublime: to tragedy what (musically) *Fidelio* is to drama. Creon, a Greek *Thaos*.

By the way, when is *Mdlle. Titiens* going to regive us *Medea*? Ardit's recitatives, decorously handmaidenish; who would measure his strength with recitatives like *Medea's* last?

Accept these jottings, and you will gratify S. T. TABLE.

[These jottings, if not acceptable, are accepted, and Mr. Table gratified, if not gratifying.—A.S.S.]

MILAN.—There is a probability that no less than nine new operas will be produced next season. They are: *Don Carlos*, by Verdi; *Le Streghe di Hofbau*, by Pacini; *Il Convito di Baldossare*, by George Miceli; *Turando*, by Bazzini; *La Maldonata*, by Piacenza; *Eloisa von Cleve*, by Quartez; *I promessi Sposi*, by Pincherle; *Il Romito di Legnaro*, by Borioli; and *Rosmonda*, by Paolo La Villa.

TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR BUCK,—The music-halls have won the battle which they have so vigorously fought, and virtually they will enjoy henceforth the liberty of producing whatever dramatic entertainments they think likely to suit their public. The select committee, of which Mr. Goschen was the chairman, have reported so emphatically in favour of free theatrical licensing and against the maintenance of the restrictions hitherto enforced, that, although this session is scarcely likely to witness any legalisation of theatricals in music-halls, the recess is equally unlikely to witness any prosecutions similar to those which the "monopolist managers" have repeatedly initiated. If the recommendations of the committee are hereafter carried out, every person possessed of a suitable building will be granted a dramatic license, and public-house privileges will be granted in the usual manner by the licensing magistrates. "Scarcely likely," "equally unlikely," and "monopolist managers" are your own expressions, my good Buck. And I can imagine your going on to say:—"This is a settlement of the question entirely consistent with the rights of entertainers and the demands of the public who are to be entertained." Yes; but it cannot be carried legislatively into effect this year, even though its spirit is "hardly likely" to be violated until it has been embodied in positive enactments, and it may therefore be assumed that the music-hall proprietors will practically enjoy from this moment any amount of dramatic liberty they may choose to exercise.

Now, I will endeavour to pursue the argument as you would pursue it yourself. "When we consider" (I can fancy your very words) "what liberty they have sought, it is at once seen how false has been the position of the theatrical managers. They have literally been opposing the desire of the music-hall proprietors to elevate and improve the character of their entertainments. For it is agreed on all hands that the more dramatic the entertainments of a music hall are the more intellectual will they be. When the managers objected to ballets on the stages of music-halls, they either admitted that the ballet was an important portion of their own resources—in which case no one would think it worth while to take their side in order to maintain the prestige of the stage—or they believed the music-hall managers wanted to go farther, and attempt higher and more intellectual dramatic exhibitions—in which case they deliberately try to confine certain rival entertainers to a level of entertainment which they themselves declare to be coarse and inferior." You would say thus much and more to the same want of purpose. Let me try again. "On what ground" (you would undoubtedly proceed) "can a design so transparently *contra bonos mores* be justified? To say that the drama must not be permitted where people are drinking is to say, unless you prohibit all drinking in public, that those who take refreshments at music-halls shall be restricted to such accompanying entertainments as cannot possibly refine or elevate, but must assist and increase any coarsening effect which it may be supposed drink exercises as an accompaniment to public amusement. You do not prohibit a man's drinking in a large public hall of pleasure. You do not say he shall not be amused while he drinks. You do not say that he is unlikely to enjoy amusement of a dramatic, and therefore superior order. But you do say that he shall be debarred from any entertainment while enjoying his refreshment, except that which you energetically denounce as unintellectual and low. The position is so utterly untenable that we drop from it naturally into the one which really represents the feelings of the theatrical monopolists. They simply desire the protection of their craft. They seek the exclusion of rivals and competition. They want the licensing power to take into consideration 'the wants of the neighbourhood,' being perfectly aware that on that principle vested interests must get the benefit of any doubt that may exist. In other words, they want protection and monopoly, and they ask for it on the plausible pretext of anxiety for the public morals, a feeling which everyone knows has always divided their hearts' best and most fervid devotion with that other elevated sentiment, also now plausibly put forward, the dignity of the drama."

Have I hit you there, my good Buck? And you would not impossibly argue as thus?—"It is because these plausible representations have been lightly esteemed by the committee—it is because the committee are for leaving the public to take care of themselves—that we value so highly the report they have agreed upon. Every rebuke to the novel and un-English theory that the public are children to be kept in leading-strings and under tutelage by Government officials, is a decided gain to the best interests of the community. The report of the committee is frankly conceived in direct opposition to this theory, and in a spirit of rational free trade. There never has been any success for paternal Government in England. Existing restrictions on the habits and amusements of the people, or on the enterprise of those who are willing to cater for them, are rather the accretions of ultra-monarchical times than arrangements deliberately devised to secure the ends which they are now supposed to serve. When you find that a man cannot open any kind of house of entertainment in this country without a

license it would be very rash to assume that it is because the law was framed to prevent any evil which the community might suffer by the existence of such places. Trace the history of the prohibition and you will probably discover that it arose either in monopoly or Royal favouritism, or Crown prerogative, or in all of these. Any effect, therefore, that it may have in sustaining the public morals is really accidental. Of course, any one may say that it matters little what was the origin of such a law if it works well. But there is always a presumption against the salutary action of a law framed for a quite other purpose than that which it effects. And when that presumption is supported by facts which bring the salutary action of the law into still graver doubt, there is the less need to hesitate about abrogating it, since we perceive that any good it might do would be purely accidental, while any evil it leaves uncorrected is one against which no legislative attack has by that law been made. Grant that the restrictions on theatrical licenses are beneficial, and every one can see that they ought to be applied more systematically and under a law designed to make them effective. Admit that they are of no service whatever, and the pretended moral operation of a law the origin of which had no reference to public morals becomes an aggravation of its obsolescence and vexatiousness."

Have I nailed you, "my Levy" (as M. Fernand Strauss has it)? Have I nailed you? And would not your last triumphant shot be as thus? "Away with it then! It never had the significance now attached to it, and it weighs upon a wholesome and natural branch of remunerative enterprise in a manner wholly adverse to public interests. Let us assume that the old licensing system is at an end, and look forward to such a degree of competition amongst entertainers as will give greater encouragement to ability, more numerous openings for genius, and generally diffuse an atmosphere of ease, freedom, and spirit, where hitherto the efforts of praiseworthy professors and willing capitalists have been hampered and embarrassed by artificial and absurd restrictions. We do not expect that the patrons of music-halls are likely to drop tears into their nightly potations over the woes of Mrs. Haller, or to let their cigars out while entranced by the Weird Sisters, or overawed by the ghost of Hamlet's father. But everyone who has ever strayed into a music-hall and witnessed the unsophisticated delight of the most estimable—that is, as a matter of fact, very often the humblest—portion of the audience, must have felt that it would be very possible to make that enjoyment more compatible with self-respect, while equally genuine and lightsome. All such improvements must be made in the dramatic direction. Nothing is less likely than that the music-halls will find it worth while to come into competition with any theatre that really maintains the dignity of the intellectual drama; but in the lighter, brighter—if you will, more trivial—departments of the stage, there is much material that may refine and give elegance to music-hall pleasures. The very fact that the proprietors of these places think that such a policy will pay is creditable to the public, reassuring to the theatres, and encouraging to those who espouse freedom in this as in all other departments of enterprise."

I have thus photographed your ideas on the subject. Next week, dear Buck (D. Peters, Esq., permitting), you shall have mine. Meanwhile, I remain your admirer,

CAPER O'CORBY.

Mdlle. ANGELE and Mdlle. PESCHEL—two young pianists, one from Bath, and one from Nice, the former a vocalist with a clear and resonant contralto voice, the latter a pianist with a firm and brilliant finger for classical music—gave a morning concert conjointly on Monday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was well attended. The concert commenced with Schumann's quartet in E flat, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, played by Mdlle. Peschel, Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove and Signor Pezze, which was liberally applauded. Mdlle. Peschel in the course of the concert performed Chopin's grand valse, Op. 45; Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat, for piano and violoncello, with Signor Pezze; a "morceau caractéristique," by Schumann; and an "Étude caprice," composed by De Beriot, fils (not the violinist); in all of which she displayed considerable talent, and had a genuine success. Mdlle. Marie de Beauvoisin, a favourite with the London public, also appeared as a pianist, and was encored in Leopold De Meyer's fantasia on airs from *Luceria Borgia*. Mdlle. Angele sang a new song of Mr. Benedict's, for the first time, "The dark lady," and created almost as favourable an impression as she had already made in the same composer's song, "Rock me to sleep." Mdlle. Angele also sang "The ash grove," from Mr. John Thomas's collection of Welsh melodies, Mr. Thomas accompanying on the harp with great effect. Mr. John Thomas was most successful in his new harp introduction and rondo; Mdlle. Liebhart sang, for the first time, "Love's caprice," by Hermann Eiselet; Miss Edith Wynne gave Mr. Sullivan's "Orpheus and his lute" with her usual taste and judgment; Mr. Leigh Wilson sang Herr Blumenthal's "Message," and Mr. Herbert Bond, "Salve Dimora," from *Faust*. Mr. Lazarus played Beethoven's "Adeleide" on the clarinet with exquisite tone, phrasing and expression. Messrs. Benedict, Berger, and Ganz were the accompanists. B. B.

HYMNOLOGY.*

We congratulate Mr. Christophers on having struck out a new idea about hymn-books. There is no reason why gossip, or, as he prefers to call it, chat, about hymns should not be as interesting as gossip or chat about anything else. Hymns being held as the common property of Christians, and deriving their inspiration from a common source, have been manipulated, as the cant phrase is, by successive admirers and imitators, more than any other products of the imagination.

"Critical inquiries into the history of hymnology open up some curious scenes. The Wesleys are seen mending Herbert and Watts, Toplady and Madan are found hashing and re-cooking Charles Wesley. Somebody else is trying to improve Toplady. Heber makes free with Jeremy Taylor. Montgomery is altering and altered. Keble, and Milman, and Alford, are all pinched, and twisted, and re-dressed in turn. Among all these menders, John Wesley was perhaps one of the best. He was positively sure that nobody could mend his own hymns; but he was not scrupulous in mending other peoples'."

The difficulty of fixing the authorship of devotional poetry, which dates from the earliest and most obscure days of the Christian Church, may also be a reason for what would be considered most unscrupulous tampering in ordinary cases.

"As rank after rank from 'the noble army of martyrs,' passed away during the morning tide of the Church, leaving no record, and without the least care about the preservation of their memory upon earth, so many of the hymnists of early days were happy in expressing their songs while they lived, and then departed, bequeathing their hymns to following generations, without a single effort to secure for their own names the future honours of authorship."

Mr. Christophers thinks he can trace in some of the rhythmical fragments which have come down to us from undoubtedly very early times, the remains of those hymns which Pliny says it was the custom of the Christians to sing at sunrise, "to Christ as a God." One he gives without mentioning where the original is to be found, which neither exceeds nor falls short of the description of the philosophic governor:—

"We adore thy pure image,
O good Lord, imploring thee!
Pardon all our sins and failures,
Christ, our gracious Deity. . . ."

There is nothing improbable in this. Hymns, like songs and games, are handed down in nurseries and schools with a more powerful force of tradition than attaches to anything short of religion itself. Nor do they lose much by being transplanted into foreign countries. Thus Dr. Pomeroy recognized Toplady's "Rock of Ages" in the unknown tongue of an Armenian congregation at Constantinople. And Wesley has thrown the notions of Clemens Alexandrinus, mistaken though he held them to be, into a form which might have satisfied the believer in the possibility of attaining absolute "perfection." Mr. Christophers has shown a good deal not only of ingenious criticism, but of delicate perception in the religious parallels he has drawn as incidental to his main subject. One of Gregory Nazianzen's closing stanzas reminds him of Bishop Ken; and the last few years of each were both spent in deep retirement, and the exercise of their favourite composition. A clever comparison is made between Byron, Scott, and Olivers: "What a trio! a sensuous scorner, an idolized novelist, and a Methodist preacher!" The three hymns selected are "The Rivers of Babylon," "When Israel of the Lord beloved," and a translation of a modern Hebrew hymn:—

"The hymns of this remarkable trio are like a 'psalm of degrees.' They move in an upward gradation, raising the swell of Christian song until it rivals the music of Hebrew fathers. Under Byron's hand, the distinctive form of beauty began to breathe and unfold its tender charms. At Scott's touch it expands into more majestic proportions, and puts forth more of its inner life. But at Olivers' command, it manifests its maturity of soul, and gives full and harmonious expression to all its heavenliness of thought and affection."

This exaltation of Olivers displays considerable bias. For ourselves, we cannot admit the inferiority of the ode, "We sat down and wept by the waters," &c.; and even our author, though he laments over Byron, does not place any modern hymn on a level with "Sennacherib." Nor

* *Hymn-Writers and their Hymns.* By the Rev. S. W. Christophers. Partridge).

is he less just to Thomas Moore; and it gives a peculiar value to his book that he has been bold enough to acknowledge the excellence and aspirations of men who usually had, as he expresses it, "little sympathy with heavenly-minded Christians." Stories of the Wesleys naturally abound. Many of them are very good. We have already noticed the powers of John Wesley in "mending" hymns. But this was not his strongest point. "Never did author more decidedly assert his own claims and powers, or more strikingly advertise the virtue of his own pages. Read the notice on the title-page of his remarkable 'Pocket Dictionary': 'N.B. The author assures you he thinks this the best English Dictionary in the world.'" It is strange that John Wesley should have written fewer hymns than almost anything else, unless the credit of many of Charles Wesley's ought to be shared between the two. Certainly in one case the peculiar arrogance of John Wesley seems to have passed into the spirit of his brother Charles when he wrote his introduction to Solomon's Song. The haughty warning of the Pagan to the multitude is succeeded in a most amusing way by the familiarity of the Methodist:—

"Hence, ye profane; far off remove,
Ye strangers to redeeming love;
Sinners, whom Jesus never knew,
The Song of Songs is not for you!

I to Thine oracle draw near,
To meet Thee in the holiest place,
To learn the secret of Thy grace.
Now, Lord, explain the mystery,
Display Thy precious self to me. . . ."

Mr. Christophers' remarks on Watts are very sensible:—

"Watts' should be a household name among all English children. He is the child's hymnist. As such, none have surpassed him; few are his equals. He never lowers the manliness of his simplicity when he sings with children; though he not unfrequently becomes puerile when he provides hymns for men."

Throughout the book we trace a desire to do justice. The author evidently enjoys his subject, and hence there is an absence of that unctuousness and obtrusion of sensational devotion which injures the study of sacred poetry. A better introduction to hymnology it is impossible to have.

Sender.

IMPROMPTU

ON HEARING MISS KATHLEEN RYAN PLAY WEBER'S "Invitation à la Valse," AT MISS ROSE HERSEE'S CONCERT, JULY 4TH, 1866.

K ings, princes, as well as their spouses,
A re charmed when they hear Kathleen play
T he beauteous, bright waltz "Invitation"—
H er touch is the rage of the day!
L ast noon I was pleased, quite delighted.
E nchantress!! how young she appears!
E legant, graceful, and piquante,
N ow thrilling and charming our ears.

R eceive to your talent this homage,
Y ou bear off the palm. I declare;
A nd play soon again, youthful Kathleen,
N ew triumphs will greet thee, I swear!

6 A.M., July 5th, 1866.

H. J. ST. LEGER.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the quarterly meeting held at the temporary offices, 16 Surrey Street, Strand, on the 3rd inst., the receipts for the three quarters up to Midsummer were stated to be £8,805,2, being an excess of £3,422,0 over the corresponding period last year. The total receipts from the formation of the society were £950,702; the withdrawals, £28,136; the Reserve Fund, £12,369; and the total shares issued to June 24th, 1866, £24,827, representing a subscribed capital of £1,241,350. The sale of land amounted to £46,952. Purchases of new estates have been made at West Brompton (near Richmond Road), and at Ramsgate. The new allotments were to be the second Sandown Estate, Isle of Wight, and Forest Gate, Wanstead. Resolutions were unanimously passed, thanking the board for the prosperous position of the society. The directors and members present were Viscount Ranelagh, Colonel Knox, M.P., Hon. Rev. W. Dalbot, Hon. R. Boruke, Colonel Meyrick, J. Goodson, Esq., M.P., Henry Pownall, Esq., J. P., Messrs. Currie, Holmes, Newcomen, Winstanly, Gruveisen, Wylson, Smith, Goad, &c.

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From the "American Art Journal.")

The brick gale which brought us torrents of rain on Sunday night (June 17th), brought, also, comfortable assurance to the public that a probable danger was past, for the back wall of the Academy of Music crumbled to pieces before the force of the wind, and not a brick was left standing upon the other. This will surely necessitate the pulling down of the side walls, which were generally considered, or rather felt, by the public to be unsafe, and the resuscitation of the Academy with the old walls left standing, would have engendered a ceaseless feeling of insecurity and distrust in the minds of every visitor to the opera. On the Saturday previous, Mr. Kingsland was notified by the proper official that seventy-five feet of the Fourteenth street wall must be torn down, as it was considered to be unsafe. This precautionary order was justified within the period of twenty-four hours by the falling of the rear wall, which gave evidence of its real weakness. The result of this accident and this order will again change the managerial programme, by the delay in rebuilding the Academy, which must necessarily ensue. If the old walls could have been used, the Academy could have been ready for occupation by the first of November. But now, supposing the utmost diligence is used, the operation of raising vast walls is so tedious that the earliest moment to be counted on for the completion of the opera house is the first week of February, 1867. This will deprive Maretzek's fine company of an appearance in New York for nearly five months. How that enterprising manager will fill up this period, outside of New York, we are at a loss to imagine, for this city is the permanent harvest, and all other places are subsidiary and uncertain granaries for supplies. New York cannot afford to be left without an opera for so long a time, for it affords to a large and influential class its only means of public amusement, and cannot therefore be dispensed with.

Mr. A. T. Stewart has it in his power to afford a temporary location for our operatic company. The theatre recently known as Lucy Rushton's, could be extended and altered in three months, to such an extent as to afford sufficient accommodation for operatic purposes, and also for the New York Philharmonic Society, which is, like the dove on the waters of Ararat, lacking a resting-place. The cost would not be very great, and as such a building is really needed, exclusive of Italian opera, both for English opera and for star engagements, the speculation would not only prove a paying one, but would be a generous and graceful act of accommodation to the public. The prestige which its occupation by the Italian opera would give to the building, would establish its reputation at once, and double the value of the property. The opera is the pet amusement of the fashionable world; it is the one subject which sustains the small talk of the salons, affording a fruitful and endless theme for criticism and discussion, representing the light artillery which keeps up a continual discharge of conversation, giving spice to what else might flag to dullness. Besides this, it gives an extraordinary impulse to certain branches of the trade, in which hundreds of persons are employed, and distributes, with liberal hand, the superfluity of wealth, which would otherwise be locked up, having no other channel of circulation. This suggestion is well worthy of consideration for many reasons. First, because it is a great public want, and should be provided for; secondly, because it can be easily accomplished and at comparatively little cost; thirdly, because it is an enterprise which will pay well; fourthly, because, in addition to an Italian Opera House, we need a permanent American Opera House, where works in our own language can be constantly heard, and where our American composers can have some chance of having their works produced. An American Opera House will assuredly become an established fact in the city before very long. The progress of musical thought in this country, displaying as it does native talent of a high order, which, in its works, will probably be excluded from the repertoire of Italian opera here, as in other countries, imperatively demands it, and the sooner some steps are taken in that direction the better it will be for the cause of true art and the development of our home genius.

For these reasons we urge the consideration of our suggestion, which is in the direct line with the public wish and the public's necessity.

SHARK.

Mrs. MEREST'S MUSICAL SOIREE.—The second of these agreeable entertainments took place on Friday week before a full and fashionable audience. Several of the distinguished lady-patronesses whose names are printed at the head of the programme, were present, a compliment few artists expect. Mrs. Merest introduced a new ballad of her own composition on the occasion, entitled "My fairy" (dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide), which pleased the audience so much that the clever vocalist was compelled to sing it again. Mrs. Merest also joined in several concerted pieces. Among them was a glee by Hindle (cleverly harmonized by Mr. Henry Baumer), that deserves especial mention. Madame Grisi is announced to sing at the next soiree.

NEW YORK.—On Wednesday night, the 13th inst., Balfe's opera, *The Rose of Castile*, was produced by the English Opera Company to a large and fashionable audience. The plot is feeble and improbable, and is not very interesting because of its improbability. The music must be characterized as flimsy, patchy, and not earnest. There is not one serious passage in it, although the action deals with foul plots and treasons. The music is chiefly sustained by orchestral figures, into which the words are embroidered with but very little ceremony or regard as to the elocution or accent. There are two or three ballads which are melodious and well-made and are quite effective, being the popular numbers in the opera. The real want of this music is spontaneity; the author has, in a great degree, written out his special vein; the ideas do not flow as freely as usual, and when they are caught, he does not seem to be able to retain them, but wanders off into inconsequent modulations, with the sole view, apparently, of getting out of one key, to return to it again, in the same inconsequent manner. There are some pieces which are characteristic, clever and spirited. The first chorus has a national ring to it, and the duet which succeeds, exhibits some clever counterpoint, and was well sung by Miss Richings and Miss Zelda Harrison. The subject of the Muleteer's song, for orchestra, is good, to which the vocal accompaniment is by no means pleasantly arranged. The tenor ballad, "Couldst thou, dear maid," commences with a very charming, quaint old theme, a really beautiful thought, but it is only half carried out, and a modern ending gives it an unexpected and not fortunate close. The duet for soprano and tenor is flimsy in the beginning, and intensifies in flimsiness with every measure. The trio for tenor and two basses is a curiously composed work, but its rhythm is effective. It was well sung by Messrs. Wylie, Campbell and Seguin. The quartette, "In every feature like the Queen," is one of the cleverest compositions in the opera. It is well constructed, dramatic, and is well adapted to the words. The movement at the words "If she thinks to outbrave me," is exceedingly charming, and only fails in its exaggerated close. The following aria for soprano is brilliant and characteristic. The finale to the first act is very weak indeed, the movement, "Farewell, bright dream," being a painful example of overstrained modulation. The opening chorus to the second act is, to say the least, curious, while the following bass solo presents a most inauspicious wedding of music to words. Don Pedro's ballad, "Though fortune darkly," is pleasant in form and sweet in melody, and was very effectively sung by Mr. Campbell, winning the honour of an encore. Elvira's ballad, "The Convent Cell," is quietly and simply beautiful, and is certainly the melodious gem of the opera, and was very sweetly sung by Miss Richings. The duo for soprano and tenor is clever and quaint in its construction, and contains a very sweet but superficial tenor solo. The bass *buffo* duet is a very weak affair—a sort of wash-out Italian re-hash, but the aria for Soprano which follows is an effective and dramatic composition, to which Miss Richings did full credit (excepting a harsh and inharmonious cadenza and three dreadful shakes), and won a hearty encore. The finale is the most effective ensemble piece in the opera, and the movement commencing, "By this marriage I gain," is really excellent. The performance, vocally, was in some respects very good. Mr. Castle sang with great dash and spirit throughout. He is winning his way upward very fast. Mr. Campbell also sang gracefully and smoothly. We hope to see him throw more animation into his manner, in subsequent performances. Mr. Seguin was good throughout, and Messrs. Wylie and Peake were painstaking and acceptable. Miss Caroline Richings sang her music generally with spirit and effect, and threw great dramatic energy into both singing and acting. We should, however, advise her to omit the scherzo in the first scene. It is one tissue of roulades and passages of velocity, none of which did Miss Richings accomplish. Her execution was irredeemably bad, her intervals and intonation were both false, her shakes had no definite pitch, and in fact, the whole movement was very badly sung indeed. For her reputation's sake we advise her to omit this scherzo. Miss Zelda Harrison sang pleasingly. She is improving in stage ease and manner. The orchestra was very thin and lacked in delicacy and refinement and colour. Its performance did but little credit to the judgment or skill of the leader. *The Rose of Castile* is put upon the stage in the most inexpensive manner. The grand Court Festival at the French Theatre consists of six ladies standing bolt upright against a wall, while another dances fantastically with her back toward them. Elvira had been invited to stay and witness the Festival, but she very wisely refused. Her taste was unimpeachable. This was the old style of bringing out English opera, which brought upon every enterprise of the class a well-merited contempt. If the present management has no facilities for giving operas with the necessary scenic effect, it should choose such operas as can be produced in a proper manner; otherwise the end is not doubtful. We desire to encourage the enterprise, but we must insist, for the sake of the cause, upon proper attention being paid to every department. The public will patronise efforts in the right direction, but it will not recognize such productions as that on Wednesday evening.—*American Art Journal*.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The final performance for this season of the above union took place on Thursday, the 21st ult., at St. James's Hall, to a room crowded to overflow. I am not surprised to learn that the "union" is not to be repealed. In fact, the continued success which has attended the series of performances since its first formation—thanks, in a great measure, to the conductor, Mr. Land, who has attended to its welfare, ably seconded by his clever band of artists, Mesdames J. Wells and Eyles, with Messrs. Baxter, Coates, and Winn, not forgetting its literary illustrator, Mr. T. Oliphant—imperatively order its continuance. The programme of the final concert was agreeable and well varied; and, indeed, I must confess I hardly ever heard glee singing to greater perfection. The second part of the programme comprised a selection from the works of Sir H. Bishop, which included some of his most original and favourite compositions, amongst them being the solo and chorus, "The Savoyard from clime to clime," "Breathe, my harp," "Blow, gentle gales," "Maiden, fain a word," &c., &c., all of which were perfectly and exquisitely sung. Mr. T. Wright played a harp solo of his own composing between the parts, on national English airs, with great brilliancy; and so I must bid farewell to the London Glee and Madrigal Union until their next series of concerts, which must not be very long. B. B.

Mrs. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREW'S MATINEE D'INVITATION took place on Tuesday, at her residence, 50 Bedford Square, in presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," was performed by the pupils, male and female, of Mrs. Andrew's Amateur Vocal classes, the solos by Miss A. Smythe, Miss Webb, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, the Rev. G. W. Martin, and Mrs. Andrews. It was a very careful and steady performance, and reflected the greatest possible credit on the teaching of Mrs. Andrews and the diligence of the pupils. Of the soloists we may say that Miss A. Smythe has a fine soprano voice and uses it artistically. Of this young lady, good hopes may be entertained. Mrs. Andrews sang the solo in the chorus, "Sing of judgment," with the best possible effect. Some part-songs for female voices were sung with great precision, and a proper observance of light and shade. Among these we would particularly mention Robinson's "Morning and evening song," and "A Lullaby," of the 17th century, arranged by Mrs. Andrews with chorus, Mrs. Liddel and Miss Andrews giving the solos. The instrumental feature of the performance was a duo concertante for pianoforte and violin, played by Mrs. Holman Andrews and Captain Holmes with brilliant effect. The lady is as excellent a pianist as she is a singer. The concert terminated with a chorus from the *Trovatore*, capitably sung by all the pupils.

MADLIE. PAUL GAYBARD PACINI'S SECOND MORNING CONCERT took place on Friday, June the 22nd, at St. James's Hall, which, like the first, attracted a brilliant assemblage of fashionables. Madlle. Pacini played, with M. Wieniawski, Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, Op. 30 (dedicated to Alexander), Weber's *Concert Stück*, Liszt's solo "La Carita," Schumann's "Cradle Song," Bach's fugue in C major and Haydn's "Menuet du Bœuf," in all displaying a neat touch, very graceful style and nice feeling, being most liberally applauded in Liszt's solo and Haydn's Menuet. Besides his share of the sonata M. Wieniawski played a solo of his own composition and was received with great enthusiasm. The vocal performers were Madame Grisi, Madlle. Mela, the so-called "female tenor," M. Jules Mottes, Signors Ciabatta and Franceschi. Madlle. Grisi was encoired in "The Minstrel Boy" and substituted "Home, sweet home," when she was recalled, a double compliment richly merited, all things considered. Madlle. Mela sang the romanza of Lionel from *Marta*, and joined Signors Ciabatta and Franceschi in the trio "Papataci," from *Italiana in Algeria*. The female tenor was more at home in the trio than the air from Flotow's opera. The concert was given under distinguished patronage native and foreign.

M. JULES MOTTES' MATINEE MUSICALE.—M. Mottés, who is a tenor from the Opéra-Comique, holding a reputation in Paris as a singer of refined taste, gave his *matinée* at Collard's Rooms, on Monday last, which attracted a very fashionable assemblage. M. Mottés was assisted by Madame and M. Ernst Mottés—the former a vocalist, and the latter a pianist. The gentleman, by no means wanting in talent, played a caprice of his own composition; and the lady sang "Home, sweet home" pleasingly. M. Jules Mottés, in conjunction with Signor Campanella, sang a duet from Verdi's *Masnadieri*, and for his solos gave a romance by Zamboni, "La Feuille," accompanied by the composer; the rondo from *Le Postillon*; Depret's pretty melody, "Te Souviens-tu;" and, with Master Richard Coker, the American boy-soprano, the duet, "Parigi o cara," from *La Traviata*; in all of which his peculiar voice, style and method were displayed conspicuously. Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, in Signor Randegger's song, "To thee," created quite an effect. M. Niedzielski, a violinist, displayed a good tone and some brilliancy of execution in a piece by Vieuxtemps; whilst M. Lehmyer, the pianist, played one of his own solos. Master Richard Coker, the

American treble, in Bishop's "Bid me discourse," delighted the ladies by the peculiar charm of his voice and style; had he delighted the gentlemen in the same degree the applause would have been uproarious. Madlle. Constance and Emilie Georgi, in the bolero duet from *Le Diamant de la Couronne*, sang with great brilliancy and effect; and the former was loudly encoired in Randegger's popular canzone, "Ben è ridicolo." Signor Ciabatta sang Mr. Francesco Berger's barcarole, "Del mar le vie." An apology was made for Miss Berry-Greening, who was suffering from illness, but who, nevertheless, sang Mr. Harold Thomas's new song, "Gallant so gay," capitably. Messrs. Berger and Zamboni presided at the pianoforte. B. B.

THE ANNUAL CONCERT OF MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Mrs. R. C. Roney) took place at St. James's Hall, on the 30th of May, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. The programme was miscellaneous, but was relieved by one classical performance, namely that of Beethoven's Septet in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, violoncello, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and double-bass; played by MM. Sainton, Burnett, Piatti, Lazarus, C. Harper, Hutchings and Howell—very splendidly executed. The other instrumental performers were Mr. Lindsay Sloper's quartet for four players on two pianofortes, on themes from Liszt's "Soirées de Rossini," Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Harold Thomas, Osborne and Benedict at the pianos; solo on the violoncello by Signor Piatti; duet for two pianofortes by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Osborne; violin solo by M. Sainton; and fantasia on pianoforte, for left hand only, by Herr Coenen. The last performance, it was universally allowed, would have been greatly improved had two or more hands been employed. The singers were Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, Miss Berry Greening, Madlle. Enequist, Miss Poole, Madlle. Liebhart, Miss Palmer, Madlle. Graffenauer, Madlle. Sandrina, Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Weiss, Sainton-Dolby, Parepa, Mrs. Frances Talford, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Tom Hohler, Reichardt, Frank Elmore, W. H. Wiess, &c. The conductors were Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Wilhelm Ganz, Emile Berger, Aguilar and Benedict.

ROCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening, June 13th, the officers of the Royal Engineers patronised the performances at the Theatre Royal; and on Friday, the 15th, Colonel O'Travers, C.B., and the officers of the Royal Marines, L.F., accorded a similar compliment. On the former occasion, *The Lady of Lyons* and the farce of *The Steeplechase* were the pieces selected. In the comedy, Madlle. de Rohan appeared as Pauline, and, though there was nothing very original in her conception of the part, still it was an interesting and graceful performance. Mrs. Walter Lestrage acted thoroughly well as the vulgar hater of her own class, Madame Deschappelles, and the same may be said of Mr. Walter Lestrage as Claude Melnotte. The remaining parts were sustained by Miss Wall, Miss Davenport, Miss Hatty Wall, Mr. Charles Dalston, Mr. Webber, Mr. John G. Neville, Mr. Blance, Mr. John Bedford, Mr. Frank Newman, &c. In the farce Mr. Charles Dalston and Miss Lizza Recknell were the principals. On Friday, the comedy, *All is not Gold that Glitters*, and *The Wandering Minstrel*, composed the bill of fare; Madlle. de Rohan, Mrs. Walter Lestrage, and Mr. Walter Lestrage appearing in the principal characters of the first piece; and Mr. Charles Dalston and Miss Lizza Recknell, each introducing a song, in those of the latter. There were good houses on both occasions; and the company has been generally successful. R. S. G.

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